HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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☞ READERS OF THE HERALD will FAVOR US, PLEASE THE ADVERTISERS, AND SAVE MONEY, IF THEY WILL MENTION THIS PAPER. If you are going to Mt. Sterling, Lexington, Louisville or Cincinnati, take the names of the advertisers, and spend your money with them only. By doing so, you will save much. The rule will apply at home as well.

NO FUEL,

And But Very Little To Eat.

WICHITA, KAN., December 22nd.—All the settled districts of Kansas have been crossed by the horrible details of death and suffering in the west, and to the necessary of immediate action in the direction of relief. Additional information received today characterizes the blizzard as one of the worst in the annals of the State, and in its effects probably the most fatal. The number of deaths from a combination of hunger and cold is placed at sixty. J. P. Hackney, of Ashland, Clark county, reached this city today, and gives some harrowing details of the storm's work. He says:

"When the blizzard struck us last Monday the country people were almost entirely without fuel, what little they had being buffalo chips. Sunday was an autumnal day, and none were prepared for the storm that followed. Reports of deaths have been coming in ever since. Of my knowledge I can vouch for the following:

"John Henry and John Calter left Ashland an hour before the snow began to fall. The next day their dead bodies were found some miles west of town, and their team, which had drifted before the storm, was found dead in the harness fifty or twenty miles south. As soon as the most violent part of the storm had passed we organized search parties. The party with which I was, in one cabin, found an entire family of five, named Kennus, frozen stiff. The mother was dead in bed, while two children had died on their stoves. Not a particle of fuel was visible. The bodies were taken to Ashland and buried.

"B. C. Purdy, who had been looking at a claim, was found dead half a mile from the limits of the town, having evidently lost his way in the blinding snow, as he was off the high road. Three and two other bodies had been found up to the time of my leaving yesterday. Ashland has been turned into a hospital for the frozen people, and had been necessary in several instances."

Mr. Hackney is in Wichita to solicit aid for the sufferers, and it is probable that a train load of provisions will be dispatched from here on Sunday.

Residents here are receiving advices from friends in the West, giving equally horrible details. The condition of the people of Lane, Scott, Wichita and Greeley counties is terrible. Mrs. Riley and two children were frozen to death near Dighton, Lane county, while six deaths are reported from Greeley, nine from Wichita and three from Scott counties. Facts are slow to come in, many of these counties being one hundred and fifty miles from telegraph stations, but agents have been sent on horseback from most of these districts to the nearest point of communication with the outside world, and what has been learned is more heart-rending than fancy can depict.

C. Rogers, a barber of Ward Center, who came in today, says, though he has heard of no actual death from starvation, he knows the people of his county to be destitute of fuel, and that many of them have been living for some weeks on corn meal alone.

ICE AND SLEET AT GALVESTON.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, December 22.—Freezing weather prevailed here all day, and the city is covered with a coat of ice. The freezing line extends beyond the Rio Grande some distance into Mexico.

Dispatches to the Signal Officer here show that the very cold weather prevails throughout the great cattle districts of Texas. The thermometer at Fort Elliott, in the Panhandle, registered 8° above zero at seven o'clock this morning, and weather of the same degree of coldness prevailed at Fort Davis, 100 miles south-east of El Paso. The cattle country lies between these points. At San Antonio the lowest point marked by the thermometer was 26° above zero. Reports of suffering by exposed cattle are being received. A heavy sleet is falling here tonight.

LINCOLN, NEB., December 22.—It is believed that reports of the blizzard sweeping over Western Nebraska will show that a number of lives were lost in the storm. Owing to the distance from the railroad of the new and unprotected homesteads and settlers, the facts can not be known for several days. In the recently organized county of Perkins the death of a man and boy is reported. They were attempting to make their ranch, twenty miles from O'Sullivan, when the storm overpowered them. Both were frozen to death. Another man named John Grant, who had been on railroad construction work on the Black Hill extension of the Burlington and Missouri River road, was found dead a mile out from camp. On the Kansas line no deaths have been discovered, although suffering is reported in very severe.

PUSHING PINEVILLE.

Wonderful Discoveries in Iron, Timber, Oil and Other Rich Resources.

An extraordinary tide of development has set in in Southern Kentucky. It is attracting attention all over the country, and has received a strong and new impetus lately through the building of the Pineville branch of the L. & N. R. R., and the decision of the directory at the recent meeting to extend the road to Cumberland Gap.

To develop the resources of this section the Pineville Land & Iron Co. was organized in Louisville about three months ago.

This company purchased about 700 acres of land comprising the town site of Pineville and vicinity. Of course, this excludes that portion of the town already built and which contains about 400 inhabitants. The Land & Iron Co. have begun the erection of a fine hotel to cost $12,500, which is to be completed by the time the cars enter the town. A newspaper will be started and limit charmed and inducements will be offered for all sorts of manufacturing enterprises. The Bell county magistrates have authorized the issue of $40,000 of bonds by the county, $25,000 of which is to be expended in the erection of a handsome court house, and the $15,000 will be expended in a handsome Bridge from the depot across the river. The company have made larger purchases than those indicated in the town, abounding in unusually rich iron ores which have been analyzed and found to contain 56 per cent. of bituretic iron. There are no doubt that the numerous springs of Bell county will be a great source of wealth to the state. Prof. Shaler says that in this mountain region are to be found waters as potent as those of Saratoga or the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, and in great abundance.

Land has recently increased seven fold in value in the vicinity of Pineville. Three lumber mills have been built within two months and several others arriving, and the town is expected to quadruple in population in the next year and a half. A large number of rich coal seams have also been opened. There is also an abundance of fine potter's clay. The supply of coal, timber and iron appeals mechanically, and in close proximity with a rich agricultural region furnishes grand opportunities for large investments and industries. Capital is becoming interested, the people are alive to the interests of their country and ready to aid in the development of its resources as well as the educational and moral advancement of the community. Churches are being built and school houses proposed.

Astonishing Success.

It is the duty of every person who has used Boeffler's German Syrup to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 50,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where relief was reported. Such a medicine as the German Syrup can not be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all druggists and Dealers in the United States and Canada.

Number Thirteen.

The Fidelity National Bank of Cincinnati was opened March 1st with thirteen officers and clerks. It was the thirteenth National Bank organized and opened in Cincinnati. The decline in business which darkened the Fidelity's "corner" coincided with the climax line 13. The false statement of May 13 to the comptroller of the Currency was one of the principal counts on which the bank was closed. There were $1,300,000 of Wilshire, Eckert & Co's paper in the Bank the day it suspended. In the name of the Examining Department expert, F. Hunting Hayes, whose testimony clinched the proof against the accused, there are thirteen letters.

Thirteen men worked up the clerical force that convicted the President. In the names of the thirteen employes of the Bank on the day of the failure, there are thirteen letters, and thirteen only. Thirteen letters constitute the surname of the man who is the prosecutor, Edward L. Harper. Thirteen letters spell the name of the Judge who tried him, Howell Jackson. The number of the train which conveyed him to Columbus was thirteen. The fine he was sentenced in the penitentiary was the forbidding, the number of years making up the age being three times thirteen. Here the number thirteen disappears.—Danville Advocate.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, by its vitalizing properties, will brighten pale cheeks, and transform a pale, haggard, dispirited woman into one of sparkling health and beauty. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. E. Swango, Hazel Green.

George Rice, Jr., of Maytown, was in town Tuesday. He will return to attend Hazel Green Academy during the next five months.

TAZEWELL COUNTY, VA.

[Special Correspondence.]

CLINCH RIVER, Dec. 22.—Last Monday night at 11 o'clock the spirit of little Henry Smith took its flight from the tenement of clay, in which it had existed for the short period of only eight years, to a glorious home to look in the eternal smiles of a loving Savior. He was a son of M. D. L. and Sarah Smith. Died of fatal disease, diphtheria. In his dying hours he called his mother, little sister, Iola and playmate, Wade Peery, to meet him in heaven, after which he repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep." To the sorrowing father, mother, brother and sisters of little Henry we would point you to the loving words of a crucified Savior: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Married—In Russell county last week, Lafayette W. Sample to Miss Thompson. Also last Sunday at three o'clock, at Cedar Bluff, Tom Peace to Miss Mollie E. Grow; also today at Jeffersonville, Charles Peery to Miss Ollie Surface.

Miss Julia Cecil and E. H. Scott were visiting at George Steele's last Saturday.

J. G. Lyford and brother, Amos, have returned from Kentucky. Dor.

During the winter the blood gets thick and sluggish; now is the time to purify it, to build up your system and fit yourself for hard work, by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. E. Swango, Hazel Green.

The Contested Local Option Case.

The Court of Appeals has rendered a decision in the above case, taken up from this city, adverse to the whiskey men. In order that our readers may understand the case, we will give a synopsis of it: In August, 1886, a vote was taken on the local option question in the Mt. Sterling precinct and local option carried. In August, 1886, after due notice by the whiskey men, the vote was again taken in the city, excluding the influence of the precinct. In this election local option was defeated, and the City Council and the State at once granted retail liquor licenses to several parties in the city. The temperance people filed a suit setting up that the election was illegal, as the entire precinct was not included, as in the former election, and also caused the citizen men to be indicted by the Grand Jury for retailing whiskey without license. In the County and Circuit Courts the election was declared legal, but the Superior Court reversed the decision, and now the Court of Appeals sustains the action of the Superior Court, and as a consequence the citizen men will have to answer to the indictments. In case they are fined, they will sue the city for damages.—Mt. Sterling Gazette.

For better than the harsh treatment of medicines which forcibly grips the patient and destroys the coating of the stomach, Dr. J. H. McLean's Cholic and Fever cure by mild yet effective action will cure. Sold at 50 cents a bottle. Sold by G. E. Swango, Hazel Green.

The Bryson Eudman Lumber Co. are erecting at the Martin Switch, one mile above Hazelrigg, an immense lumber manufacturing establishment. The transmission will be the latest and best approved, with a capacity of about 70,000 feet per day. They own 20,000 acres of timber lands and will construct tramways over which the timber will be transported from the forest to their mills. They contemplate the erection of about one hundred houses for the accommodation of their operatives, and have several completed and now ready for their occupancy. This enterprise will swell the volume of Everett's business and add much to her material wealth.—Morehead Herald.

Sick headache is the bane of many lives. To cure and prevent this annoying complaint use Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. They are agreeable to take and gentle in their action. 25 cents a vial. Sold by G. E. Swango, Hazel Green.

Dr. Walter Tipton, who lives at Doyleburgh, one day last week landed in a piece of ice which is said to have been of mineral. It was found on the Kentucky of Kentucky River, and the doctor tells us there is an abundance of the same on where the spring of the same is found. He thinks it cheaper, and we concur in that opinion. Whatever it is it shows more pure metal than any one ever set himself to our notice. The rock partially surrounding the metal is so hard that we believe it would be dangerous to attempt to get at it. We have examined the little piece of ore thinks it is almost pure gold, but we are not certain that part of it, although the color is identical with that of some nuggets of the precious metal we looked upon once. We intend to make a little more application and publish the result for the benefit of our readers. Though small in size, this little piece of mineral may prove the turning point in the fate of our state, and establish beyond doubt the Eastern Kentucky as the Klondike of the United States! Who knows?

Bob Cottle, of Whitehall, and Taylor Lewis, of Campground, were in town Tuesday, and paid the Herald office a call. The latter is a boy of "Twelve."

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

I—SPY.

Under the spreading apple boughs,
  With the sunlight glinting through,
Pressing and kissing the little ones there,
  Till they blush with a rosier hue.

The children dear are gathered in—
  Edith and Blanch and Clair—
Whose voices ring out with a joyous shout,
  Just under my window, and where

They count out in the self-same way
  Of many a year gone by,
That they may see who the hunter will be
  In their favorite game of "I—spy!"

"Monkey, monkey—bottle of beer—
  How many monkeys are there here?
One, two, three! Now we shall see
  Who will the luckless monkey be!"

Sweet little, dear little, innocent one,
  When you've lived as long as I,
You'll find, beyond doubt, it won't do to point out
  All monkeys, although one may spy.

—*Harriet Tremaine Terry, in Good Housekeeping.*

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PEASANT AND KING.

How the Latter Was Made Known to the Former.

One day in the far-away years of the sixteenth century, when Paris was not a third as large nor half as beautiful as it is now, and the French court lived almost half the year at the great hunting chateau of Blois, a poor peasant was cutting fagots on the border of a small forest near the river Loire. He was dressed in a ragged hempen tunic and had wooden shoes on his feet. His cap was of fur, which he wore alike in summer and in winter. He was cutting the wood with a small hatchet, laying the sticks in a pile. When he had made a pile as large as he could carry in his arms, he bound it with green withes and laid it on the back of his donkey, which looked quite as forlorn and ill-kept as its master.

As he was binding one of the bundles of fagots upon the animal's back, he was startled by the sound of hoof-strokes near him, and, gazing sharply around, he saw a man approaching mounted on a large white horse. The horseman was a small, thin person, well advanced in years, whose profile, once seen, could not be forgotten: a hooked nose, a protruding chin, a brow full of wrinkles, grizzled hair, a short grizzled beard, and stiff gray mustache, bristling like a cat's. His alert, upright carriage bespoke unshaken vigor, and his clear eye was full of buoyant life. He was dressed in a slashed doublet and trunk-hose of black velvet; a scarlet sash was over his shoulder, a hat with a long, sweeping white plume on his head, and he wore tall cavalry boots that came up to his knees.

"Some officer of the King's guard who has lost his way," thought the peasant, as he resumed his labor. "Perhaps I can do him a benefit. A good turn will help him, and it won't make my trouble more."

Meanwhile the stranger was glancing doubtfully around, and seeing the woodcutter, accosted him with a frank, hearty voice, that yet had something of a tone of command.

"Hallos, my friend, can'st tell me how far it is to the castle, and whether this road will lead me thither?"

"Nay, your honor has certainly gone wrong. Blois lies in the opposite direction, at a distance, I should say, of half a dozen leagues."

"I was pretty certain I had lost my way, but I did not suppose I had wandered so far in the wrong direction," said the officer. "So it is near twenty miles to the chateau?"

"Yes, all of that by the highway," answered the peasant. "You must follow this path till you come to a tall oak, and then take your right till you come to a wood where the road forks, and you follow the left round a big park."

"I shall certainly lose my way again if I try to follow your directions." And the horseman shrugged his shoulders and looked rather grave. "Can you not guide me to Blois?"

"Nay, I can not leave my work," answered the peasant, lifting his greasy cap and scratching his head dubiously. "I would cheerfully help your honor, but my master would not pay me for a day's work when I leave my tasks and ride off to chatter with one of the King's officers."

"So thou knowest me then as belonging to the court? Well, my good fellow, if you will help me you shall not lose by it. What do you earn a day?"

"Sometimes half a franc, and other days twice that. You see it depends on the weather."

"Well, here's a ten-franc piece; so go with me. You need not lose your morning's work, for if I mistake not, yonder cot is yours, and our path lies past it."

The poor man demurred no further; the gold piece the officer had given him was more money than he could have earned any other way in a whole fortnight.

"Ah, your honor," said he, wiping a tear from his eye, "you do not know how much good this money will do me. I would like to know the name of so generous a gentleman, so that I and my wife might bless you in our prayers."

"No matter about my name," replied the stranger, with a kind smile. "You can pray as well without knowing, and God will understand whom you mean."

But though the horseman smiled, his face was very grave and thoughtful as he noticed the mean and miserable abode of the poor woodchopper. It was a small, tumble-down hut of mud and thatch, and was hardly habitable. The woodcutter's wife, a pale, sickly looking woman, stood in the door with a crying babe in her arms, and a poor, skinny Nanny-goat was bleating disconsolately, tied to a stake.

"What brought you to this degree of poverty?" asked the sympathetic officer, as they rode on together. "You appear to be strong and willing to labor."

"Misfortune, your honor, has brought me into this decline," answered the laborer. "I have always been unfortunate. This little farm belonged to my wife; her parents, who were both old, died on the same day, after a long and tedious illness. Then my two children died—they were both sick a long time—and having to care for them, I was unable to work and so could earn no money. We gave up the farm to a rich neighbor, who promised to let me have it back again for the same sum when we were able to do it. But the crops have been poor two seasons following, and my wife was sick all last year, so that we had to borrow more money. He now hires me, and allows me so much for every day's work. Last Lammas-tide (August) my wife was sick again, and misfortune seems determined to follow me all my life."

"Yours is a sad story, my friend," said the officer, wiping a tear from his stern eye. "But why have you not petitioned the King for aid?"

"The King! what does he care for a poor peasant like me?"

"He cares a great deal. Have you never heard that his greatest desire is to have his peasantry happy? I have heard him say that he hoped to reign so that every poor man might have a fowl in his pot on Sunday.*"

"No, I have never heard of it. That speaks of a good heart in His Majesty's bosom. But I should never dare to ride to Blois to tell him my story."

"Go with me; I will bear you company. I know the King well; he will not turn away from you."

"But I don't know his Majesty, and among so many courtiers I might make a mistake," urged the peasant, still hesitating.

"Pshaw! you will have no trouble on that score. You will know the King because he will leave his hat on; all the others will have theirs off."

"I'll remember that," said poor Jacques, humbly.

By and by as they rode on they saw a troop of mounted officers coming toward them at a gallop. Their plumes and mantles and scarfs fluttered on the breeze, and their rich comparisons and accouterments glittered in the sun.

"Yonder fellows belong to the court; perhaps the King is with them," said the mysterious rider. "Now is the time to make your request, and don't forget that he will be the only one who is not bare-headed."

The company came up, and at sight of the little man with the grizzled beard and pointed mustache, dressed in the black velvet suit, every one of the brilliantly dressed horsemen sprang to the ground and pulled their hats off. The peasant's wind-tanned face turned a ghastly hue, and he stared at his companion with eyes that grew as big as saucers.

"Well, my friend, do you know the King now?" asked the little man, with a queer smile.

"I' faith, your honor," answered the clown, with a bewildered air, "either you or I must be the King, for we are the only ones who have our hats on."

"True," laughed Henry the Fourth, "either you or I must be the King, and your troubles are at an end. Here," turning to one of the dismounted courtiers, "give this man a purse of gold; he deserves it." Then addressing the astonished peasant once more he continued: "Go home and be happy, and may your fortune hereafter be equal to your deserts, so that you may have a fowl in your pot every day in the week, and two for Sundays."—*Fred M. Colby, in Congregationalist.*

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*The real words of Henry the Fourth.

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Well Supplied With Tragedy.

The students of the University of Texas occasionally give amateur theatrical performances. Tom Aubery, who was to play the Ghost, invited Mose Schaumburg to attend, telling him that it was the tragedy of Hamlet.

"So it vas a dragedy, vas it?" asked the Austin merchant.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Vell, den I don't go. Ven I looks mine books over and see how much vas owing me from dose university students, I have more dragedy den I vants."—*Texas Siftings.*

TEMPERANCE.

A FATAL FALLACY.

"I Can Drink, or I Can Let It Alone"—The Enslavement of the Human Will.

Among the fallacies of intemperance, none is more fatal than the tippler's favorite saying: "I can drink, or I can let it alone." It sounds manly and masterful. It tickles the vanity of the speaker. It implies on his part a great reserve of will power, which makes it perfectly safe for him to indulge in the pleasures of alcoholic stimulation, because, at any moment, he can put the indulgence from him by an effort of the will.

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